

Jabberwocky

by Warrior Nun

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Summary: The Tulgey Wood...home of the most ferocious beasts...but none unlike any other, the sole king that ruled the woods...whose jaws that bite and claws that catch... What would happen if a foolish boy would wander in?

Jabberwocky

My second ToothCup fanfiction but this time with a Lewis Carroll classic that is found in Alice's Wonderland Adventures, the Jabberwocky poem. While I know that the poem is separate from the main story but in a way it does fit in the same universe.

Pairing: anthro/human!ToothCup

Warning: May contain slash/yaoi, some language, possible violence, sudden case of Out of Character moments, and things of that nature

Disclaimer: I do not own Jabberwocky or How to Train Your Dragon, they both respectively belonged to Lewis Carroll and Cressida Cowell and Dreamworks.

a thousand thanks to Gabriel Nichole, my dearest friend

\* \* \*

><p>"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!<p>

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

- Lewis Carroll, Jabberwocky

\* \* \*

><p>Ever since he was just small, his father always told him about the tales of the fearsome Tulgey Wood, where the slithy badger lizard-like toves hid among the gnarling tree roots and mome raths aimlessly wander about as the wingless borogroves walk through the forest floor as if they were mimsy old men with a weak cane to support them.<p>

Even the tales about the three great beasts that ruled the forest...

The Jub Jub Bird, silly as its name was, is no push over by contrast. In fact, it was the reason why Gobber had to sport a hook hand and a peg leg as prosthetics. It was amazing that a hefty man like him survived such an encounter, even after watching his leg up close enough to see it slide down its slim throat. His cousin, Snotlout one time swore that he would avenge him by cutting off its beak with his own face. Made little sense, especially when his father described that it was like a giant vulture chicken hybrid, with claws and razor sharp teeth that can tear your flesh into ribbons. Poor guy had to hide the fact that he was having nightmares for over a week as a result.

Their run-in with the Bandersnatch is more interesting, described as a "frumious monster" that doesn't know when to give up the chase once it spots its prey. From what Gobber remembered, it was a black spotted white behemothâ€|and that is the closest thing to describe the beast as they only survived by hiding out in the marsh until it passes over. It also helped with the fact that the water masked their scent as they head back to the village. Though it did took a while for them to wash off the funky smell, which still stuck to their clothes even after a monthâ€|

The Thorston Twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, thought it would be funny to stash the swampy smelling laundry in Old Man Mildew's bed while he was out farming his cabbages one afternoon. They were found out one day and were punished by cleaning after the yaks for a month, but they did say that it was worth it.

The last one, instantly send chills down even the bravest man's spine.

It was said to be born from an unholy union of Lighting and Death itself, making the Tumtum Tree- the very heart of the forest- its home.

It goes by many namesâ€|

King of the Tulgey Wood

The Black Devil

Night's Fury personified

But it is forever known among the whispering mass asâ€|the Jabberwock.

Personally, Hiccup would prefer to call it Night Fury since the name

just sounded odder than Jub Jub.

But then again, even if his father hasn't seen the Jabberwock in person before, once in a while he could hear an inhuman screech throughout the night.

A night such as this oneâ€|

Hiccup sighed as he ran his hand through his auburn hair, walking further down the dirt path heading to the Tulgey Wood.

Why is he out here, in the middle of the night, again?

Oh yeahâ€|now he remembered:

"Tell ya whatâ€|you go into the Tulgey Wood, and find the Jabberwock. Bring back its heart or head as proof, and maybe we can let you join our group!"

Good to know that Snotlout is a part of his dear familyâ€|it doesn't help for the fact that no one knows what kind of weakness that the Jabberwock have.

Much less what it looked likeâ€|

This would have been an educational experience for Fishlegs, but he quickly made up a rather ridiculous excuse to not to accompany him into the woods. One of them is an irrational fear of a flying flaming squirrel or something. Or is it his allergies to dancing eggplants? Which he has quickly got the message when he started stammeringâ€|such a great friend, that Fishlegsâ€|

But nevertheless, at least it gave Hiccup enough excuse to explore the Tulgey Wood. If it was as dangerous as his father and Gobber have described the woods, then it might be worth something to look into and, in a way, research himself. At night...where anything might pop out and kill you.

Gods, why can't be born what his father expected?

A big strong boy with the muscles on the side, instead of being as thin as a fish boneâ€|maybe the Grey Sisters have a sick sense of humor or something.

Everything that his father said was law, right down on how to brush your teeth. After all, he is the leader of their village. But that doesn't mean that he cannot make a law about mention how unlike his only son is to not only to him, but to other villagers, in many ways; from appearance and personality, down to certain skills. While physical strength is the only thing that 99 percent of the village that can be relied on, Hiccup, on the other hand, relied on his intelligence. That is considered him the oddball of the village.

Enough about thatâ€|let's focus on the situation now.

Hiccup stood before the entrance to Tulgey Wood, looking like a clichÃ© setting of a creepy forest aura. A sound of him gulping reached his ears, damn it, he was getting cold feet! And yet he was half-expecting a lightning strike in the sky for effect.

He shook his head in order to clear out all doubts.

"Noâ€¦I shouldn't back down!" he spoke to himself, trying to feel confidence. "Besides, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. I mean, it's not every day that you get to hunt down a legendary beastâ€¦without a weapon nonethelessâ€¦"

Damn, he should have thought this through.

It was too late for him to turn back now, the village is too far to go back toâ€¦that and the part of the bet was "don't think about coming back till you bring proof that you have killed the Jabberwock".

Oh the things he done for some social acceptanceâ€¦quite a milestone for a fourteen year old.

Well, if all else fails, might as well find something to use as a weapon in the woods and hopefully not die.

With a deep breath, and a few happy thoughts, Hiccup pressed onward and entered the woods. The woods itself was scarier than what his father have described; his sole light, the full moon, made eerie shadows among the leafless trees, giving off of the illusion that there is someone or something within the darkness. He tried to keep his heart calm, but at the same time he had to deal with the sudden case of sweaty palms.

He whistled a small tune, in order to bring in some noise in the stillness of the silence as he stayed cautious of his surroundings. If his father's stories are right, he needed to keep a close eye out of the dangerous creatures that lurk in the woods, mainly Jub Jub Bird and the Bandersnatchâ€¦

SNAP!

Hiccup nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound, whipping around to find the source but found none. The whole woods became still, and quietâ€¦not even the eerie hoot of an owl or the outgrabe of a mome rath. The silence somehow became deafening, he felt his heart speed up against his ribcage as his breathing was getting heavier.

"Alright, alrightâ€¦calm down, there might be something harmless living in these woods as well," he reassured himself, even though he was getting nervous by the second. Hiccup walked backwards, while keeping his eyes around him in case something jumps out behind the trees. "Y-yeahâ€¦maybe squirrelsâ€¦and bunny rabbitsâ€¦" There had to be harmless, \_normal\_ animals that lurk around these woods! Just anything! Other thanâ€¦tovesâ€¦mome rathsâ€¦or borogrovesâ€¦

Now that he that he thought about it, his father never mentioned the possibility of the creatures being benign or otherwise. As he tried to ease his nerves, he saw something twinkle from the corner of his eye. It was not far from where he is, but since he hasn't run intoâ€¦anything (yet), Hiccup decided that it was better than wondering aimlessly in the woods before running into something that might want to maul him on sight. So, what does he have to lose?

"Mom, if you're watching from Heaven, I might be meeting you soon,"

Hiccup walked to the direction of the small shining light, finding that the path was getting less dark. It could be the fact that the moon was peeking through the overhead a bit, but it might be from the angle or something like that. He kept on walking, until he came close enough to see what it is.

"It was a daggerâ€¦embedded into a tree. In a middle of the woods," he blinked as he let the information sink in. "Huh...well at least luck is on my side. Sorta."

He leaned in close to inspect the details of the dagger. Since he brought underneath Gobber's remaining wing in blacksmith, he gained knowledge on not only to make weapons but also gave them the details that were needed in appearance, mainly for battle. But thisâ€¦he was amazed at the details upon something that is small and simple. He couldn't tell how old it was, but the dagger looked like it was just brought out of a shop. Its hilt was wrapped in leather, and from the looks of the blade, there was not one knick upon it. The steel still looked sharpened and new after who knows how many years. And speaking of the blade, he could see intricate and beautiful markings upon it, vaguely reminding him a hybrid of Celtic and the woodblock designs from the Far East lands that he had seen from Merchant Johann one time.

Hiccup shook his head when he realized that he was spending time admiring the design of the dagger, which he should have thought about pulling it out. Maybe small, but as the saying goes: beggars can't be choosers. He grabbed the handle with one hand and gave it a tug, but realized that it didn't budge. After a couple more tugs, he found out that it was deeply embedded into the tree trunk. Whoever was the owner of this dagger must have thought that it was a good idea to stick it into a tree. And made sure that it was nice and snug within the barkâ€¦

Perfectâ€¦just-just perfectâ€¦

"Why couldn't be like that one story about some sword and a magic rock?" he muttered to himself.

Not wanting to give up, he used the two hand tactic, grasping the handle very tightly before tugging it as hard as he could. Hiccup placed a boot-clad foot on the trunk, bracing on one knee and gave a heave-ho, thus successfully pulled the dagger out of the tree!

"GAHHâ€¦!"

THUD!

And landed on his behind on the ground in the process.

"â€¦ow." Was the first thing that he winced out, but never the less felt more victorious than pain as he glanced at the dagger in his hand; there is no way that he was going down without a fight, no matter how big the beast is.

"Since I finally got a weaponâ€¦now the question is: where do I go now?"

He looked around, and saw that he didn't recognize any tree or rock when he came across the dagger. In fact, he had forgotten where he had entered. Rather than feeling fearful, Hiccup instead blew his red bangs up in an exasperated sigh.

Of courseâ€¦why would he forget?

"In all of our years of exploring, hunting, and scavenging in the woodsâ€¦we never found that blasted Tumtum Tree. Or the Beastâ€¦"

Those were his father's honest words when telling the chilling tale of the Jabberwock.

"Greatâ€¦not only I have zero idea on where that stupid tree was but I'm also lost in the woods," then he looked up in the sky, trying to locate the North Starâ€¦only to find some dark clouds rolling in. "â€¦why didn't I think this through?"

He sighed heavily, running his free hand through his messy hair before glancing over to the dagger. Well, in a way, it wasn't a total loss; at least he won't be walking around in the woods unarmed. Hiccup looked around before finding a pass, and head through that direction. He had no idea where he was going right now, but if he kept on moving, it would lessen the chance of being a sitting duck.

It was hard to keep track of time in a place like this, but from what he remembered, the position of the moon is almost at its highest peak. Midnight thenâ€¦he wasn't here long, but it felt like it was ages. Somehow being in the woods just distorted his sense of time, everywhere he looked Hiccup could see that each tree looked the same. It was getting hard to know where he came in right now, so the only thing he could do is to take an advice from an old fairy tale: make his own trail of bread crumbs.

The tree bark was thicker than he anticipated, it took all of his strength (or whatever strength he had) to carve an X on it. He almost wished that the dagger is a sword instead until he remembered that he cannot lift one to save his life. Astrid, the Viking prodigy of their village, was slender and yet she can lift up her heirloom ax with ease. Hiccup carved the same symbol every time he passes a few trees, until his foot suddenly sank into a sinkhole.

"What theâ€¦!?" was the first thing he could squeaked out (manly, mind you).

Dad didn't say anything about sinkholes!

Trying to think of possible ways to get out of this, Hiccup decided to throw all caution to the wind and just simply pull out of the sinkhole.

Sounds easy enoughâ€¦

When he moved to lift up his leg, somehow it sank deeper, almost to his thigh. A frustrated cry was heard throughout the woods, probably

scaring the birds as a result. Hiccup decided that his best option was to use the dagger as some sort of leverage and stabbed it to the ground and try to pull himself up.

But somehow Gravity decided not to be his friend

Just before he could make a stabbing motion, Hiccup felt his weight going further down until he fell through the hole. Being buried alive wasn't really the type of death that he would most likely to die (according to dear cousin Snotlout, he would most likely be to be eaten by a monster or worse), but instead of being encased by dirt and rock, he found himself falling through a tunnel—a really long tunnel.

He had no idea how long he was falling, until his back made contact with very soft grass. Hiccup was surprised that he received little to no injury from that, compared to his past experience. Groaning, he sat up and took a good look around his current surroundings. He was not sure if he was still in Tugley Wood, but unlike the grim, dark lifeless trees up above, this place is actually beautiful. For something that is underground

The trees here are full of life, thin to thick trunks made an intricate weave around each other as the branches curve around what seemed to be the tunnel ceiling. The plants seemed to be glowing for some reason, though they did provide some light. That is when Hiccup began to realize that this is not only a tunnel, it was also a labyrinth. He could see that there are other tunnels winding on the left and right on both sides.

"Huh—I don't know if this considered a "out of the frying pan and into the fire" kind of scenario." He muttered to himself, trying to think of what to do next. Hiccup looked up above him, only to find that the hole that he fell out of was really high up above him. "Though, I really fell far from there"

He doubted that his father and Gobber have found a place like this during their travels in the woods. But then again, now that he thought about it—he would be the first one to actually find it! Finally, his life got notched up on the awesome level a bit, so the question is:

Now what should I do now? Even if I made a move, I can't make head or tails in this place—

Hiccup sighed for the umpteenth time before felt something tug in his hand.

The boy looked into his left hand and saw that the dagger was glowing faintly and trying to move forward. At first Hiccup tried to pull back but the blade wanted to go forward. When he thought more of it Hiccup figured that maybe this was a sign. Perhaps the dagger was trying to lead him somewhere. "Okay, I can take a hint." Hiccup said and walked cautiously as the small weapon tugged him down the path.

Hiccup had no other choice but to allow the dagger to lead him throughout the maze, making turns left and right. He had no idea how big this place is, but from what he could tell, it was massive enough to fit underneath the woods itself. "Geez, whoever made you, sure

made ya bossy..." of course, he didn't expect any reply from a mere weapon, but...for some odd reason, it seemed...alive.

Hiccup began to notice that as he walked deeper into the forest that the dagger would glow brighter and it gave a light humming sound, like it was sending out a beacon. And when they went around the corner the dagger hummed loudly and forcefully pulled Hiccup with a hard tug.

"GAH! Not so rough alright!?" of course it's still useless, he almost stumble over his own feet. Whatever is at the end, the blade was getting crazier by the second, and seemingly impatientâ€|?

"You better not be pulling my leg on this!"

He was so focused on keeping up with the dagger that he didn't see the stone in the middle of the forest floor and tripped. "Whoa!" Hiccup exclaimed. The dagger fell out of his hands and Hiccup slowly sat up and groaned in pain. Then he turned his attention the humming dagger and growled at it. "You stupid little kitchen knife! I have a good mind to start a fire and melt you!" Hiccup exclaimed and picked up the dagger, ready to toss it, until a sight caught his eye.

Before him was a stepping stone path in what looks like a meadow, leading to a crystal clear lake, and smack dab in the middle of it was what looked like a grassy oasis, with a huge oak tree at its center. The branches were tall and filled with what looked like a cross breed of peach blossoms and roses amongst the dark green leaves.

"Whoa..." was all he could breathe out, barely registering that the humming dagger was getting louder. Hiccup made his way across the stepping stones, hopping each one like a hop-scotch, before making it to the oasis, standing before this great tree. He walked closer to it, gingerly touching the dark brown bark. This is it...this must be the legendary Tumtum Tree...which meansâ€|

"I'm in the center of the Tulgey Woods..."

"Right you are."

Hiccup gasped as he whipped around. "Who said that?!"

He couldn't find the source of the voice, but he did hear the rustle among the branches above him. Judging by the voice, it sounded male, with a slight tenor if his ears are working right; Hiccup could barely make a step forward when a figure jumps from down in front of him, leaving behind a few leaves and some flower petals falling as an after effect. He let out a cry of surprise as he stumbled backward onto the tree trunk. The boy blinked rapidly before looking over to see the appearance of the voice's owner.

There knelt was a young man, and judging by his appearance he could be at least 3 or 4 years older than him. He was bare-footed and the closest thing to clothing is a pair of black slacks that were a bit torn at the hem, leaving his olive-toned torso bare to the elements. Hiccup could see that he had a body of a swimmer, though there is a slight muscle on him. As the man stood up straight, it was noted that he was taller than him, running his hand through his short shaggy jet



back hair that reached to the nape of his neck.

A sigh escaped from the latter's lips as he set a poison-colored gaze on Hiccup. "That would be me." His voice sounded husky and silky, perfect to court any woman he wants.

The only word to describe this man's appearance was "pretty boy" (â€|ok that's \_two\_ words), possibly have the best looks to make Ruffnut's and Astrid's hearts swoon and outclass the men in his village. Well, maybe Ruffnutâ€|Astrid, on the other hand, well, he tried to talk to her but most of the time she either rebuffs him or just plain ignore him. His face was strong and angler, with high cheek bones that are enough to cut someone's hand if anyone dared to slap him. Combined with an elegant nose and slightly full lips that are meant to whisper sweet nothings, any woman in his village would say that he's a keeper.

And Hiccup wouldn't argue with thatâ€|

Wait, what?!

"Umâ€|hi?" was it the best thing that he could say to a stranger like this guy? No usual questions like "who are you?" or "how did you know about this place?"

The Stranger in front of him just smiled (charmingly, in his opinion) as he gave a two finger salute. "Heyâ€|" then his smile fell as he went back to a questioning frown, keeping his eyes set on Hiccup. "Nowâ€|down to the serious questions: who are you and what are you doing in \_my\_ forest?"

Well, he has the same questions asâ€|wait a minuteâ€|did he just say \_his\_ forest?

The Tulgey Woodâ€|home of the three most ferocious beasts that ever sprung from the Stygian abyssâ€|is his home?!

"That-that can't be possible, I meanâ€|this-these woods is home to the most dangerous creatures known to man! My Dad and Gobber had traveled hereâ€|" then Hiccup stopped himself as he thought over those words. "Well, not here by the Tumtum Treeâ€|I mean in the woodsâ€|andâ€|"

"Gobberâ€|? Oh, you mean those two fools who kept galumphing in and out of the Tulgey like they own the place?" a chortle escaped from the other youth's lips as he shook his head. "Those idiots would never learn, the woods is not an ideal place for a picnicâ€|though I must admit, it was entertaining watching Lutwidge chasing them around the bog."

Hiccup blinked in confusion. "Waitâ€|who's Lutwidge?" He doesn't remember anyone with that name, nor did he hear his father mentioned it. Not once.

But the other male doesn't seem to be listening; he seems to be reminiscing a bit. "That overgrown lummoX hasn't had any exercise lately, so I suppose they're beneficial for somethingâ€|" then the Stranger thought for a moment. "Though it is a problem to subdue Carroll for a while once he gotten taste of human fleshâ€|"

Lutwidge and Carrollâ€¦just who are they? Are they old friends of this guy? Andâ€¦did he just say that this Carroll person has a taste for human fleshâ€¦

"Oh wellâ€¦since you're here and all, I guess that \_proper\_ formal introductions are in orâ€¦" then he was cut off when he finally got a good look at Hiccup. This questioning expression quickly transformed into a full-on glare. "Youâ€¦"

His voice is now rough; Hiccup could have sworn that he heard a growl rumbling from his throat. All he could do right now was held up his hands (one of them with a dagger that is humming louder than usual), to show that he was a friendly. And hopefully get out of this aliveâ€¦

"Hey-hey, now, this is the first time I meet you!" he protested. "Umâ€¦yeah, formal intro, right? Well, I'mâ€¦"

Then he immediately shut his mouth when the latter's reset his glare on him.

"Not you, \_THAT\_â€¦"

Hiccup glanced over at the accusing finger at him; more like at what he is holding in his hand, and finally took note of the increasing volume of the humming. He looked down, hearing the hums to the point of almost feeling vibrations on the handle. Then to his shock, he lost all control in his entire left arm, causing him to point the blade at the Stranger.

"I-I swear, that wasn't me!" he stammered. Fortunately for Hiccup, the other teen was still glaring at the dagger in his hand.

"The Vorpall Bladeâ€¦it's been too long," Hiccup noticed that there are sharp canines in the latter's teeth. Really sharp...caninesâ€¦

He blinked when he noticed that the Stranger was talking again. "I see you found yourself another wielderâ€¦" Hiccup saw the other youth returned his glance up to him, feeling his poison-green eyes make a thorough examination at his form. He knew that he was nothing special, if anything, he's practically a fish bone compared to 99 percent of the men back in the village. What he didn't expect was a sly grin as the Stranger finished taking his stature in. "Though I have to admit, this one's cuter than the last oneâ€¦" The Blade responded, its humming was lowered but still have enough "voice" to be audible.

Did he just call him "cute"?

Secondlyâ€¦"You mean, someone else wield this knife before?!"

The Stranger placed his hands in his pockets; he just casually shrugged as he relaxed. "I think it was around five hundred years agoâ€¦" then he paused as he thought for a moment. "Or is it six? My memory is fuzzyâ€¦"

The dagger hummed loudly, causing a rather interesting reaction out of him as he glared at the blade's tip. "Oh shut up! You're lucky that I didn't throw you in a chasm!"

Hiccup blinked as he took in new information. This is not happening, there was a last person that wielded this thing around 5 or 6 hundred years ago—and that was before he was born! Not to mention that this guy is treating this small weapon as if it was alive.

"This thing—" he spoke up finally, pointing at the dagger. "Is it alive?!"

"In a way, yes." the Stranger answered casually, as if it was as normal as seeing a deer in the woods. "I highly doubt that either one of us remembered who forged him, or how he came into existence. The only thing that we both know that he was created in order to kill me."

Hiccup stood there, taking all the pieces of information in, his grip on the dagger was loosening.

The Tumtum Tree being his home—

The fact that he lived as long as the forest itself, not to mention saying that he owned the damned place—

And a small knife that is practically sentient whose sole existence is to kill him—

It couldn't be—it's impossible!

"You're—you're the Jabberwock!" he practically screamed, unknowingly pointing the Blade at him.

The other teen wasn't registering at the fact that his long-hated enemy was pointed at him, mainly at his heart. In fact, he was amused in this situation.

"I have many names—my favorite among them is Toothless," then the now named Toothless bowed elegantly before him, seemingly mocking both him and the knife. "A pleasure to meet you—my tasty little morsel—"

So—this is what the King of the Tulgey Wood looks like—not what he expected.

"—Toothless?"

The said dragon smiled at this as he shrugged. "Long story for next time..."

"Shouldn't you be a dragon?" of course, ask whether or not he should be a dragon and ignore the fact that you'll be his dinner. Nice move, Haddock—

Toothless smirked at this, as if he was expecting that certain question. "Magic, no need for explanation," he simply answered.

Of course—why didn't he think of that?

"May I ask what your name is, O lone Sweet Pilgrim," his voice had a low purr to it.

Hiccup blinked when he looked up to the older teen in confusion. There he goes again, he might be described having the attention span of a sparrow, but Hiccup had extremely great focus on certain details. Such as the Toothless' rather unique way of speaking, it could be just him but he could be flirting.

"It-it's Hiccupâ€¦" he replied, almost unsure. Should he give his name out easily? For all he knew that the Jabberwock might just lead him out of the woods (maybe), and stalk him back to his home for a few days till he eats him! Bones and everything! However the way that he was looking at him, he seemed quite intrigued at his name.

"Hiccup?" his tone was out of genuine curiosity. "That's really your name?"

Hiccup shrugged. "Something about having hideous names keeping us safe from trolls and goblins, as if the charming stubborn personalities of ours weren't enoughâ€¦" He was being sarcastic, like always, in front of an all-powerful beast of the most dangerous places of the world. And yet it doesn't seem to faze the latter at all.

"I don't think yours is hideous at all," then Toothless took another look at Hiccup, a smile akin to a seductive smirk. "If anything it's adorable, besides if you were given a beautiful name, you would have been captured by trolls in order to be offered as a consort for their king."

All the blood rushed to his head as Hiccup felt his cheeks heating up.

"Areâ€¦are you flirting with me!?" this is some sort of elaborate way of him trying to psych him out, yeah! Make him drop his guard before this guy-er, dragon- would get the chance to eat him! That had to be it, why else is the Vorpall Blade humming louder?!

All his suspicions were confirmed when Toothless' devilish smirk widens.

"So what if I am?"

When he made a step forward, Hiccup held the Vorpall Blade up in front of him. He didn't know if it was his will or the blade's but he needed to defend himself if necessary. That is if he knew how to use the dagger, most of the training he has are in the art of blacksmith. And the only maneuvers that he knows with the dagger are slashingâ€¦stabâ€¦and slashingâ€¦

Yeah he's pretty much screwed. Snoutlout wins.

Toothless just continued to saunter over to him, not minding the blade tip pointed towards him; Hiccup slowly backs up as a result until he felt his back hitting the bark of the Tumtum Tree. He gulped when the dark-haired dragon man braced his arms on either side of his head, trapping him between the tree and himself.

"Oh come onâ€¦" Hiccup drawled out, but still kept the firm grip on the Vorpall Blade which it was humming loudly.

The Jabberwock smiled as he leaned in close, despite the very tip of his enemy pricking the skin of his bare chest. "I always wanted a consortâ€" he reached up and practically plucked the dagger out of Hiccup's hand. "You're not needed," Toothless said to the Vorpall Blade before casually tossing it to the lake, while the dagger could do nothing, unable to produce a voice of its own as it sunk into the depths.

Toothless watched from the corner of his eye with satisfaction, before returning his attention to Hiccup, who was back on square one, unarmed. He could see that the younger youth was trembling, out of fear or something else? He couldn't tell, if it was fearâ€"well, he could find a way to change that.

"Besidesâ€"I'm not lying that you looked cuter than the last wielder of that tool."

Before Hiccup could do anything, his breath hitched in surprise when the Jabberwock placed his lips over his. He had no idea what to think of this, even when he felt a wet appendage running over his lips; which was followed by a playful nip on his lower lip, causing him to gasp in shock, which gave Toothless access to snake his tongue inside. Hiccup involuntarily moans as he felt his tongue being wrapped around, and soon, his mind became blankâ€"his body went auto-pilot as it relaxed.

He was beginning to forget where he was right nowâ€"

Why he was doing thisâ€"

The only connection is this man that was kissing him, and the only thing he could do was to kiss back and hold his bare shoulders. He felt Toothless smiled against his lips, before deepening their kiss, pressing their bodies against the Tumtum tree.

Maybe this isn't so bad after all.

\* \* \*

><p>"Where the Devil is he?!"<p>

Snoutlout visibly flinched at the high volume of the booming voice; cursing that showing fear would make him uncool in Astrid's eyes, which the said girl was just watching with crossed arms and indifference. He cursed to himself that he had forgotten that the village chief is Hiccup's father, and an overprotective one at that. At the break of dawn, he and the twins are about to congratulate themselves for winning the bet (which wasn't much of a bet to begin with, they were hoping that something would eat that walking fish bone and they would be there to see the body), they had failed to take note of Stoick's thorough check on his son's room and working schedule.

When the chief come to them first, Snotlout had a sinking suspicion that Fishlegs is the one who rat him out, since they're the only teens in the villageâ€"not to mention among those who saw Hiccup off into the Tulgey Woods. This of course, brought attention to the entire village who were about to start their normal routine until this happened. Even the bucket-headed Bucket was there, thanks to his roommate, Mulch.

No doubt that the Twins were keeping a safe distance from him, as if trying to make it look like that \_he \_dragged them into it. Traitorous half-wits, he would get them for that later.

The brunet teen tried to think up a good explanation, but it mostly came up in stammers. Another uncool traitâ€|

"W-well, Sirâ€|you know how Hiccup with his inventing urges, he always gets up early to make themâ€|"

"He's not at da forge, if yer referrin' ta that." Gobber pointed out, lumbering to stand next to his superior (and closest and oldest friend). Surprising that he was adjusting fully to that peg leg prosthetic that he had years before.

"He got ya there, Snotlout," Ruffnut spoke up, followed by her brother's snicker.

They both immediately shut up when Stoick shifted his glare over to them. The chief was pleased to hear silence from the Thorston twins; he returned his attention back to Snotlout, who looked like he was going to soil his pants at any moment. From his perspective, Stoick might have gotten biggerâ€|

"I'm going to ask you againâ€|" his tone was now low, but still had a frightful commanding air to it. "Where. Is. My son?"

Oh sweet mother of Liddell, he had gotten enormous!

Each word was spoken out as if they're separate sentences, and the message behind them is clear. Tell him what he needs to hear, and maybe he'll give you a punishment that might not hurt as much. Just as Snotlout is about to come up a logical excuse (a feat that he failed at), he doesn't know whether or not he should be fortunate enough to have Fishlegs a part of his group.

"Snotlout dared Hiccup into venturing out into the Tulgey woods to get the Jabberwock's head!"

He blurted it so fast, that no one in the village caught it. Not even the sheepâ€|

Howeverâ€|Stoick caught it. And he was not pleased.

"Fishlegsâ€|" Snoutlout growled through his teeth as he glared at the chubby teen through the corner of his eye. He would pummel him if he had the chance.

When he turned his attention back to his chief, he found the taller man's face was practically the color of puce and from the way he was shaking, he looked like he was about to explode. Which he did, interestinglyâ€|

"Heâ€|he WHAT?!" he was known for having a bellowing voice, but at this volume it was enough to rival even the Gods' thunder. The sheer sound of it made everyone, even Astrid, jump. Gobber sees this as the chance to inch away, but not far enough to restrain him if necessary.

Snotlout quickly spoke up. "I can explainâ€|this is just stupid teenager stuffâ€|"

"You KNOW that the Tulgey Woods is dangerousâ€|" he made a step-no, stomp- forward towards him, making him back away. "You know that there are dangerous beasts that are lurking in there!"

STOMP

"And you know that the Jabberwock is the king! And you sent my son in there!? For a wager?!"

The brunet teen let out a small whimper as he fell on his tush, giving the russet-bearded man the opportunity to loom over him. He almost wished that the Earth would just swallow him right then and there, anything to get away from Stoick's wrath.

"Oh and weaponless," Tuffnut spoke up, oblivious to the scene in front of him. "He went in the woods unarmed." His sister confirms it by nodding eagerly, her multiple braids bouncing along. She had a really wide smile on her face that is enough to rival a Cheshire cat's.

Snotlout dared to turn away from Stoick and glared at him. "Really!?" Are Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Idiot trying to get him killed pre-maturely?!

He quickly turned back to the Chief, hoping to remedy the situation before it gets more out of hand. "I-I didn't know, I s-s-swear!"

This is actually leading Stoick to his breaking point and those nearest to him could have sworn that they saw smoke coming out of his ears. Gobber used that as his cue to back away slowly, not wanting to be in Snotlout's position. He doesn't know it, but everyone is doing the same thing until their Chief and the poor victim are the very center of it.

"Youâ€|you WHAAAAAAT?!"

Snotlout flinched at the high volume, he could barely register the fact that Fishlegs whimpers as he hid behind of Astrid, who managed to stand her ground. But if you look closely at her hands, her knuckles are stark white as her nails dug into her bicep. Already the brunet was praying to whatever Omnipresent Being in Heaven to have mercy on his soul in case that he dies early.

Thankfully, there is someone up there who answered his prayer as Stoick calm himself down, though rage still radiates from his sole being.

"I'll deal with you laterâ€|" he swore to him before turning to Gobber who straightens up immediately. "Gobber, gather up some menâ€|we'll be heading out into the woods to search for Hiccup. Make sure that we have the best weapons that you have in your shop, we will scout around the Gyre Wabeâ€|"

"Maybe notâ€|" the mustached man spoke up. "Look over thereâ€|"

Stoick blinked as he looked over to the entrance of the villageâ€¦finding the familiar thin frame of his only son heading through the village entrance. All in one pieceâ€¦

"Hiccupâ€¦" he couldn't help but feel relief at the fact that his son was unharmed. It was a miracle that he was still alive, there must be someone watching over him. Stoick blinked as he readjusted his vision. Is thereâ€¦someone with him?

The auburn haired teen smiled his trademark smile before casually waved at him, as if he had never experience anything horrible in the woods. Which was oddâ€¦even at the dark of the night, even the smallest of beasts could use stealth as their advantage and even attack them when they're at least expecting. And more than thatâ€¦who is this young man with him?

"Hey, Dad, morning!" he greeted, smiling his crooked smile as always.

He seemedâ€¦brighter somehow, beamish is more of the correct word to it, even more than last night. Could it have something to do with that man with him? Andâ€¦why is he standing so close to Hiccup?

The crowd went abuzz as Snotlout scrambled back up to his feet to regroup with the other teens, he could see all their disbelief and confusion on their faces. Hell, even Astrid was baffled, which was a rare sight to see. That was quite understandableâ€¦a lot of things happen in the woods last night after all.

Well, someâ€¦

Looking around he could see that everyone in the village have gathered aroundâ€¦his dad and his idiot cousin? Did something happen while he was gone?

"Oh, Hiccup!" he didn't have time to react when he found himself swept up in a bear hug by his father, almost had his air supply squeezed out of him. "I was so worried about you, lad!" Hiccup couldn't find a way to let him know that he needed air, but thankfullyâ€¦someone is there to remind his father that. It was only few minutes until his companion tapped Stoick on the shoulder. He had an intense glare within his poison-colored eyes, despite his relaxed composure.

"Hey, Old Manâ€¦Hiccup's turning blue." He pointed out.

Stoick blinked before taking note that his son was struggling to breathe and quickly let him down on his feet. Hiccup used this opportunity to take a breath while Toothless went by his side, rubbing soothing circles on his back. "You ok?" the dark-haired teen asked, sounding concern.

He glanced over to one of the onlookers, a girl if he could see right, pushing her way out of the large mass to get a good look at them. She seemed like a pretty thing, flowing blonde hair held back in a braid while the rest hung in bangs over her left eye. Toothless narrowed his electric green eyes when he found her staring \_his\_ Hiccupâ€¦

Already he didn't like her.



Hiccup took another breath and exhaled. "I'mâ€¦I'm good, thanksâ€¦" He stood straight back up, stretching his arms out before taking a sigh of satisfaction when he felt the joints pop. "That is much better." Toothless smiled at this, the important thing is that he's alright. He'll deal with that girl if necessary.

"Hiccupâ€¦" he heard his father spoke once again, making him look up in curiosity. He seemed like he was going on a searchâ€¦who got lost after he went into the woods? "What in the name of all that is Holy are you doing in the Tulgey Woods?"

The auburn teen blinked for a moment before events were flashing back to him in a second. Oh so that's whyâ€¦

"Oh, Snotlout said if I want to hang out with him and his friends, I have to go to the woods and bring back proof of the Jabberwock."

For a brief moment, Stoick looked over to his nephew with a snarl, promising silently for a harsh punishment. Snotlout gulped but managed to place his usual cocky grin on his face.

"Y-yeah, but you didn't bring back the Jabberwock's head! So you can't hang out with us!" If there is a silver lining to this dark cloud that is looming over him, this had to be it! Hiccup may be alive, but he still doesn't have proof that he got the Jabberwock. Thoughâ€¦he is curiousâ€¦who is this guy, and why does he look like he wanted to bite his head off?

Hiccup only smiled crookedly, which anyone would mistake it as a smirk, as he stood by the stranger closely. The latter in turn, wrap his arms around his waist, a purr rumbled in his throat as he nuzzled against his choppy hair.

"Actuallyâ€¦the terms are that I need to get either the head or the heart of the Jabberwockâ€¦" then he looked up to the man withâ€¦adoration? "And I have."

Stoick couldn't believe what he is hearing. This can't beâ€¦no man alive have seen what the Jabberwock, the King of the Tulgey Wood, looked like and lived! And his son, his little Hiccup, claimed that he had seen the beast?!

"Dadâ€¦this is Toothless, the Jabberwock."

Toothless smirked devilishly at the shocked faces of the village, holding his consort close to him.

"Yo," he simply greeted.

This is indeed a frabjuous day for not only Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, but also the infamous King of the Tulgey Wood. Callooh! Callay!

The End

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><p>Please leave a critique or a review<p>

Author's note(s):

Lutwidge and Carroll: the names of the Bandersnatch and the Jub Jub Bird, referencing to Lewis Carroll, real name: Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

End  
file.